

'Trash of all nations'

Bill Bartlett (Australia)

Oh there's trash in every nation
And there's trash on every side
There's trash outside your window
When you look outside

There's trash outside your Volvo
When you take a ride
They're knocking at your door
And they want to come inside

Yes there's trash in every nation
And they're sick of being trash
They're sick of being tortured
They're sick of being bashed

They're sick of being lied to
As though they cannot see
They're sick of living slavery
And being told they 're free

Oh there's trash upon your TV set
Being beaten up by cops
Some of them are fighting back,
Some are throwing rocks

Some of us are laughing
Though we haven't got a hope
I'd hate to be a cynic
Broken, numbed and doped

Oh there's trash outside your courtrooms
And there's trash inside your jails
There's trash inside the unions
And there's more beyond the pale

They're living lives outside your laws
Your police are in vain
Well scorn to live in slavery
Bound by iron chains